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Doetical.

THE EXILES SONG.

by C. P. HOPPMAN-The song, the song that once could move me,
In life's glad day,
The song of her who used to love me,
Far, far away—
It makes my heart fonder, fonder—
Wildly obey
The spell that wins each thought to wander
Far, far away

Once more upon my native river,
The moonbeams play—
Once more the ripples shine as ever, Far, far away.

But ah! the friends who smiled around me,
Where, where are they?

Where the secret spell that early bound me,
Far, far away!

I think of all that hope once taught me— Too bright to stay— Of all that music fain had brought me, Fir, far away!
And weep to feel there's no returning
Of that glad day,
Ere all that brightened life's faesh morning,
Was far, far away.

Miscellaneous.

PRIDE AND PENITENCE.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

Love took up the glass of life, and turned it in his glowing hands: Even moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden Love took up the harp of life, -and smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of self that trembling passed in music out of sight.

CHAPTER I. From the dark eye—the lightnings fly,
As from a cloud its glory.
And on her chack, doth feeling speak,
Its owned impassioned story!

She was the wildest child I ever saw. richly colored transparency.

the pride and forment of her teachers,— ted on a violet, gazing carnestly up in learning her lessons with inconceivable her face as if asking her how in the world in amazement, drawing the child toward ened still more by her grief, he sprang pated that the youthful officer was herefore and faded in the rapidity,-and forgetting them almost as she came there. quickly,-dashing off a composition Mary was not the least frightenedglowing with wit and girlish enthusiasan, good children seldom are. She held in a shorter time than the sedate Mrs. out her dimpled hand with a smile of cherries this morning. I saw her: and ment before the wayward girl would have ceal it, she replied in a hardly audible Willon employed to read it, and occu- invitation, and the cunning and beautithen she went and put the stones in Lu- given worlds to recall him and implore voice:pying all her leisure moments, which ful creature sprang at once to her little ey's desk, so as to make you think it his forgiveness, but now that he was "Sixter Magdaline is the name my suwere many, in keeping the rest of the finger and said in a voice light and clear was Lucy; and she said if I told she again, as she thought, in her power, her perior has given me. school in an uproar of mirth or mis- and delicate as the faintest tinkle of a would beat me, and-and-" But at pride, and love of empire resumed at

was about thirteen years of age, had -I am all alone now !- when that eruel nearly led to at least a temporary dis- and unexpected beam of daylight pierced missal from the school. A lovely, tim- them with its fatal heat I only escaped id and affectionate little girl, younger -for I had hidden in sport in a seed of missal would be the consequence, and will sing to you every night if you will. that would grieve her mother; so-in- Hear how sweetly I singstead of speaking to little Lucy, she contented herself with addressing her kitten, in terms of the most tender endearment, evidently intended to reach and soothe the sorrowing heart of her campanion. "You dear, sweet little pet!-you darling beauty! I love you very much-and I am sorry you are so lonely here; but you shant be lonely any more, for I've left them all on the play ground to come and stay with you, and talk to you. I have such a pretty story to tell you, lit-

Juliet's voice was always sweet—even Mary?" in anger-but now it assumed the most winning, petting, loving tone imaginable -and although "little Kitty" only purred in reply-little Lucy's eves began to gisten with mingled tears and smiles .-

THE LAST FAIRY.

and just such little cunning pretty play- Kitty?"

and the breeze whispered amid the many ing through the window, and that irretones, and the pleasant tranquil flowers of the action, he had followed her and sighed out their happy love at her feet, stood concealed by the jessamine that through the evening. As for him, he writing a letter—the door of her chamand all things ministered to her, for her shaded the lattice, a smiling witness to was perfectly charmed with her beauty, ber suddenly opened, and a beautiful ful check. It was the depth of Winter; spirit was pure and true. Little Mary her little stratagem, and an enchanted her wit, her wild and brilliant gaiety, girl, tripping in with the lightness and a cheerful fire was burning in the grate, had heard so many charming fairy tales listener to the fairy romance. that she wanted very much to believe in But yet another and less indulgent on his part, and of graceful, but some the neck of the aston shed Juliet, and on the rich rug at her feet, glancing al faries-but as she had never seen one, auditor had been in the adjoining room, what tyrannical coquetry on hers, their gave her a loving kiss. was afraid it was silly—but still she could not help now and then watching the key holes, half hoping, half dreading disobedience. It was Margaret Mansand her mamma never had either-she the door of which was partly open, and engagement was announced to the fash-

to see a tiny, gauze winged spirit flut- field, the informant against poor little war;" for how to manage the wayward, of her listener; "and I should hardly the servant announced "Sister Magdatering through, and she would even Lucy; and one, who, for her envious whimsical, saucy, loving, bewitching, and have known you had not your mother line." With exclamations of surprise almost sure was imprisoned there, for had she not distinctly heard it murmuring a sad, low, plaintive song, about its

far-off home in the sea? Now it so happened that close by her a great Aloe tree, which the oldest man dred years ago. This old man had often stantly rose from her seat, told her that there were plenty of fairies in his time, and that once, just at sunrise, he had seen a whole troop of them did all I could to comfort her." tripping round that very tree when it was just shedding its wonderful blossoms. He had heard that daylight was ed fatal to the elfin race, and he had watched to see what effect the sunshine would have, for they had rashly prolonged Sure enough, at the very first gleam of quite disobey you—she talked to my light he heard a faint shout or rather little kitten, and never said a word to Sure enough, at the very first gleam of moan of dismay and sorrow from the troop, and they gradually faded from his view like stars at the dawn of day .-They were never seen or heard of after-

Mary thought of all this as she lay at have told the dear, little faries that the if you would take a lesson from her. that they must all run away quick before he saw them, and then he would not have killed them with that dazzling.

"Be silent, young ladies!" said Mrs. Wilton, sternly. "This, if it be a false-hood, is not the first that Lucy has been burning eye of his!" While she was thus revericing-do you know what reverieing means Kitty? It means soliloquising—that is, meditating—that is, think—well! while Mary was thinking Nobody could manage her, not even her thus, and still looking drowsily up at mother, whom she almost idolized. Proud the tree, all at once one of the buds behigh spirited, with a temper which nothing but tenderness could control, and her wonder and delight she plainly saw | Milton, I wish for no refuge from the her wonder and delight she plainly saw | tenth, but then—" she was interrunted a dark, but clear and glowing beauty, which, ever and anon suddenly lighting up from the flower—and then—can it be?—yes!—it is—it up from within, startled the beholder must be a fairy!—a real fairy!—flying Mansfield, said in a faltering voice.

| Was very hasty! Perhaps she is sorry! | tablishment, but the young officer had learned to know and love the hand that self, and with that imperiosity which so gently ministered to his wants, and must be a fairy!—a real fairy!—flying marked his quick but generous temper-the physician advised her to humor him the phys with its brilliancy, like an illumined and like a sunbeam personified to her feet, and there it stands gracefully poised At boarding school she was at once upon one little dot of a foot which res-

One of her girlish freaks, when she Æolian harp-"They are all gone but I

than herself, was in disgrace, and the the Aloe flower. But that destiny other pupils were forbidden to speak to which doomed my sisters to death, doom her during the day. She was sitting ed me to a fate as sad. It scaled the alone and disconsolate in the school seed where I had rashly crept, and for room, with a pet kitten in her lap,-her nearly an hundred years, for not till only comfort, when Juliet Clyde, our then could the blossom bloom again, hereine, suddenly bounded through the have bided my time in darkness but in fully to Mrs. Wilton. "She has told low open window, and seated herself by hope. Now once more I am free, but the truth in both instances; but since me? her side. With all her fearlessness she on! how lonely! Will you take me. did not quite like openly to disobey the Mary; and let me live in your thimble or teacher's commands, for she knew a dis- the top of your silver pencil case. I

Like the stars from the sky, Like Love's latest sign Did their sweet life close, Exhaled as they flew, And lamenting I moan, Oh! sisters of vir; I'm alone, all alone!

There that was a fairy impromptu, Mary, But will you let me come? I shant trouble you much-I shall only want a tender smile or a tear of love for my part with her favorite. breakfast, dinner and supper-for love is you like to hear about the fairies, little Kitty?"

a spirit's food—but you must let me come out at night, for then the flowers

"Yes! you precious, lovely, little darling, indeed I will !- I will take you home and introluce you to some other pet fairies I have that live in my beautiful rose comfortable in here," and so she un- get. Once there was a little girl, and her screwed her pencil case, and the fairy name was Mary, and she was a sweet had just settled nicely in when alas!blue eyes, and just such soft, wavy hair, you like to have such a dream, little

Our heroine was so intent upon amu-One evening at sunset Mary was lean- sing little Lucy, that she never once ing all alone, and half asleep on a fresh raised her eyes, and did not dream that bank of moss in the woods. She gazed she was watched-that a young cadet, dreamily up through the dark trees, and on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. Wilton, hapfelt very happy, for the blue sky looked pened to be crossing the lawn when he down upon her with a soft, soft smile, saw her light form in the act of springcolored leaves in musical, mysterious sistibly attracted by the grace and spirit

When the pupils assembled to their afternoon exercises, Mrs. Wilton, looking calmly round upon them, said in a quiet tone-"Has any one disobeyed side as she lay asleep in the woods grew my commands as to conversing with Luey Grey?" Juliet had not anticipated in the village where she lived had once the question; but she scorned both seen bloom-but that was almost a hun- falsehood and concealment, and she in-

"I have, Mrs. Wilton-I could not bear to see her suffering unjustly, and I Margaret smiled maliciously, and Lu-

cy burst into tears. Mrs. Wilton resum-"You know, I presume, the conse quences of disobedience, Mrs. Clyde?" "Oh, Mrs. Wilton!" said Lucy, sobtheir dance to a later hour than usual. bing, "do not punish her! She did not

> Miss Mansfield succred and muttered rudely-"a nice way to come off, indeed! Another of Lucy Grey's white lies,

Juliet turned with flashing eyes tothe foot of the tree, and she said to her ward her-Lucy has told the simple herself-"If I had been there I would truth, Miss Mansfield: it would be well

should have talked to her kitten and not

"Tell me the truth at once, my dear, nobody shall harm you for it."

and Juliet, springing toward her, with tears in her eyes, in defiance of all rule.

on the sofa, and began a careless song: weary with watching!—No? Well, then let me still talk of my Juliet, for I think threw her arms around her neck and kissed her a dozen times.

"I knew-I knew she was innocent! I said she was-you would not believe me!" she exclaimed, tarning reproachyou accuse me also of falsehood, I presume I may be allowed to retire, to prepare for my return home by the evening ' So saying with a rather stately but still respectful bow, she quietly left

the room. The young eadet was with his aunt when Juliet approached to take a final farewell. He heard it with surprise, and he could not refrain from asking, as the latter turned to the window to hide her emotion, what was the cause of this sudden departure. In a few hurried words Mrs. Wilton related the affair, and exfresh rose leaf every day for a bed-a pressed her regret at being obliged to she never level me, I will see her no The next she calmly replied:-

CHAPTER III.

at school.

But when at seventeen she made her debut, a belle and an heiress at the first

Scarcely a day passed that they did enchanting tenderness.

not buarrel, take an eternal farewell of "Can it be Lucy Grey?" more tenderly attached than ever.

but affectionate tone:

to drive with that young man?" Coloring with surprise and anger at his suspecting her of such levity, Juliet threw back her graceful head, but deign-

ed no farther reply.
"It is true, then," said he in a hasty tone of vexation. "And what, sir, if it be true? I have

yet to learn that you have any right to outrol my movements."

ove but my respect." hood, is not the first that Lucy has been guilty of to day. Miss Clyde I am as-

"I will tell you the whole truth if ament, he ran up the stairs and entered for the present. you will make Margaret promise not to the room he had left. Juliet had buried "You have never told me your name her face among the cushions and was said George Wilton, one morning to his "What is all this?" asked Mrs. Wilton sobbing as if her heart would break; soft- youthful nurse. Our reader has anticito her side, and drawing the tor toward him, waited for some expression usually pale and transparent check of "Well, it was Margaret who took the of regret for her unkindness. A mo- the girl, and bending her head to con-

Like a spell---'

"How no one knows Nor can tell!" "Heartless! unfeeling! Willyouhear

"Love should be true

As the star-" "Seen in the blue Sky afar !"

"Farewell then, and forever!" "Now here-now there Like the lay Of harps in the air, Well a day!" He heard her exquisite voice warbling

these last words as he again descended more!"

dying with the untold pangs at heart, | gone! Juliet never forgot the looks, the when this last news reached her eartones, the graceful beauty of the youth- a bust of uncontrollable anguish followful stranger, although a few hours after ed its recital, and then suddenly a new strength was rapidly restored.

CHAPTER IV.

sit at your feet, as in old times, and tell with a childish fondness in her face. It One evening the lover accidentally overheard a bold and dashing young foreigner propose driving Miss Juliet to Laurel Hill the next afternoon. Her reply was so low that it escaped him, but he thought it counted him to the propose of the propose o

gentleman took his departure. He then approached her, and said in a serious, misfortunes. Let us rather talk of your-health. ut affectionate tone:

"Juliet is it possible that I heard made since you left school, with those audible voice, "to see and rejoice in your aright? Can you really have engaged violet eyes and that darling little dimple. happiness before I die. Place your I have heard of you often, and always sweet babe in my arms, dear Lucy, for as the star of the festive hall."

I am too weak to lift it." Lucy's tears

CHAPTER V.

lay an officer almost at the point of death. "I pretend to no right, Miss Clyde. I A young woman sat at his bedside .-can only say that if you do take the drive proposed, you will forfeit not only my coming garb of a sister of charity; but finished at the mercy seat of Heaven! the hand with which she soothed and "Do you threaten sir?" exclaimed the cooled his fevered brow, was soft and wilful girl with a quivering lip, and tears | delicate as the down of a snow-white | tonished that you should be willing to take refuge in her weakness—that you be considered to me as your love. Leave me! I would form. Day after day she tended the ed with particular favor. half delirious sufferer with a modest for-"Good God! has it come to this!" titude and unassuming tenderness, cried the inceused and unhappy lover, as which won the respect and admiration stole from her desk to Mrs. Wilton's side. I will try her once more!" he said to him- learned to know and love the hand that the Lord knows you are !"

"Well, then, sister Magdaline, do you music box, but sad and wild as an the word "beat" the poor little child bede Eolian harp—"They are all gone but I gan to cry and she could not finish the with assumed coldness from his embrace, your eyes, whenever I catch a glimpse she gazed at him a moment in cool and of them, remind me of one whom I Miss Mansfield was pale with rage and lofty astonishment, without farther no- loved, and still love devoutly? Why do chame; Lucy's tears fell faster than ever; tice of his presence, indolently lay back you tremble so? Are you ill? You are let me still talk of my Juliet, for I think of her all the time; but she was not like the following notice: "Juliet, listen to me-I implore you in one respect, for she wronged me cruelly, and you have been an angel of of this paper, some time during the mercy. Good God! what does this mean? You are weeping! sobbing!-by heaven! throw off that hood-that coif! it is-it is-my own, my precious Juliet! but oh! how changed!-and It-I have done this!" He fell back insensible. While apply-"You will not! You will regret this ing the usual restoratives, she bitterly reproached herself for her want of control, and resolved that she would leave him for other duties immediately. On his recovery she told him this gently but firmly. He tried a thousand passionate and earnest arguments to induce her to present employment, and to return home | fife for dear life:-

as his wife. For an instant her woman's heart

"I did not adopt this sacred garb for "Is that all, my dear aunt?" exclaimed George Wilton, startling Miss Clyde by and awoke the next morning with a dull myself a lover. When 1 entered upon come out at night, for then the flowers his eager and delighted tone - I am glad weight on her heart, and an undefined the duties of my office, it was with a calm and stars will expect me. Will you, to have it in my power to clear up the impression that something terrible had resolve to continue in them while my mystery. I fortunately witnessed this occurred. However as the hours rolled health would permit. I feel that it will young lady's gneerous efforts to soothe on, she recovered in some degree her not be long and I do not regret my choice. and amuse little Kitty." Juliet could spirits in the hope of a reconciling in-hardly help echoing his laugh, as he uttered the last word with an arch glance up her mind to be good, gentle and for- you; but I thank God that sickness and at her tearful, blushing face; and then he giving, and to tell him voluntarily that sorrow, and the task which I have im-So the pretty and youthful comforter laying her arm fondly over the kitten, that it might touch Lucy's which was also caressing it, told the following stoalso caressing it, told the following stothey will let you creep in and play with bered it years afterword, he at that mothem. Come, let me see if you can sit ment most unaccountably chose to for- now nothing would tempt her to go. - friend, let our love be that of brother But the day passed and he came not; he and sister. You will, ere long, find a It is hardly necessary to say that Lucy never came again! months and years bride more worthy in every way of your and her wild, but warm hearted friend rolled on, and Juliet only heard of her affections and your pride than the poor good little girl. She looked like Lucy something unforeseen happened—a great were, at his intercession, fully restored to lover twice, once as performing feats of and feeble Sister Magdaline." She laid Grey. Do you know Lucy Grey, Kitty? disappointment. Poor Mary awoke!— favor, and that Miss Mansfield was im- walor against the Mexicans, and again her hand lightly and tenderly upon his brow—she breathed a blessing and a suffering from wounds and hardships are suffering from wounds and hardships and found it was all a dream. Should not a suffering from wounds and hardships and found it was all a dream. Should not a suffering from wounds and hardships are suffering from wounds and hardships and found it was all a dream. as suffering from wounds and hardships brow-she breathed a blessing and a in a hospital at New Orleans. She was prayer-he looked up-but she was

CHAPTER VI.

Three years had elapsed after the inthat one short interview he left for West hope, a new life seemed to animate her; terview related in our last chapter. In Point, and she saw him no more while the color returned to her check, and her the library of a house in Walnut street, Philadelphia, were seated a gentleman in military undress and his wife-a young and lovely woman whose simple and be-One day as she was sitting in the coming morning cap of embroidered Wilton was her favored attendant midst of preparations for a journey and muslin, confined without concealing the apron and a quarto dictionary. and after a month of devoted gallantry grace of a sylph, threw her arms about and a pretty child of four months old lay ternately from the blaze to its mother's "You do not know me, dear Juliet!" face, which was bent toward it with an Patrick," said a son of Erin, on first

fancy sometimes that she felt one in her and poevish disposition, and her mean imperious beauty to whom he had rashly directed me to your room. But look at and joy, both wife and husband hastenthimble dancing on the tip of her little round finger, and she would peep into a shell for hours, pining to catch a glimpse of the little singing sylph which she was liet's former lover, Lucy Wilton gently removed the hood of the almost exhausteach other, separate, meet again, and become for the next twenty-four hours, little pet at school? Well then let me their school-days, at her feet, looked up

he thought it sounded like an assent, and porch!"

he was wretched and restless until the "Nay, Lucy; I cannot overshadow this diant beauty of the soul, which is seldom A tremend

I am too weak to lift it." Lucy's tears that Isaac don't get overboard." We will drop the veil, or rather close | fell fast amid the light soft curls of the the chapter over Lucy's blushes as she infant, as she placed it on the knee of her forty drops of Hennessey's best, to shook her bright curls, and laughingly her dying friend, and George knelt down by her side with a feeling of affectionate reverence. Once more was a sculpin .- Boston Post. that frail hand laid in blessing upon his In a crowded hospital in New Orleans head: but ere the benediction was concluded, the hand dropped lifeless at her

CORNERED HIM .- "What has brought

"I came to borrow matches." "Matches! that's a likely story! Why in cold regions. by this unmerited charge, and with hangly indignation, she replied—"Mrs. Wilton, I wish for no refuge from the wildow of the striking hand upon the based on the threshold a moment. asperated old virgin, as she backed the backelor into a corner—"you came here If distance lends enchantment to the

> When old Bogus's wife fell ill, he ent for a doctor as sordid and avaricious as himself. Before the doctor saw the patient, he wished to have an understanding with the miserly husband. "Here's forty dollars," said Bogus, and you shall have it whether you cure

ny wife or kill her The woman died; and the doctor called for his fee.

"Did you kill my wife?" asked Bo-"Certainly not!" replied the indignant

"Well, you didn't cure her ?" "You know she's dead."

"Very well, then, leave the house in double quick time," said Bogus. "A other half of her devil nature, and then bargain's a bargain. It was kill or cure, she has no further use for the angelic. but you did neither.'

STRAYED .- An exchange contains "Broke into the pocket of the editor

week, a ten cent piece. Who it belongs on trifles!" rejoined the insulted fair to, or where it came from, is a mystery to us, and we earnestly request the owner to come and take it away, as we have been without money so long, that its use is entirely forgotten. Upon one side is a beautiful young lady with a handkerchief to her eyes-weeping, to think that she has no mate, and a night out two spread eagles, plunged into an eap on a pole as a signal of distress."

pan An Englishman who thought to be "smart," asked an American, who change her resolution, to give up her was blowing Yankee Doodle on a shrill the 'Pewter Mug,' or some equally fre-"My friend, is that the tune the ow died of?"

easter, "it is not, but it is the tune the old Bull died of!"

Not long since, a youth, older in wit than years, after being catechised concerning the power of God, replied: "Ma, I think there is one thing God

"What is it?" eagerly inquired the

"God can't make Bill Jones' mouth bigger, without setting his cars

Every young man should rememer that the world will always honor industry: The vulgar and useless idler. whose energies of body and mind are rusting for want of occupation, may look with scorn upon the laborer engaged at his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt, honor.

Witty savings are as easily lost as the pearl slipping off a broken string, but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

A Yankee proposed to build an establishment which may drive a sheep in at one end, and have it come out at the other as four quarters of mutton, a felt hat, a pair of drawers, a leather

The Dutch are as famous for their ulls as the Irish. "I be lost two cowsh," said Mynheer, "unt von vash a calf unt two vash a bull."

"Faith, and yonder is the divil,

"A Scate."

"How do you feel, Mrs. Partington, said the Colonel, at the regatta, as she

as a perceptible blueness gathered about her mouth, like the last change of a dolphin as his life ebbs away: "a slight Nashua at the stomach, that's all."

At that instant the cry of "a scate" excited her attention, and she was informed that a scate had been caught. "Well." said she, "Isaac, perhaps you may catch a pair of 'em, and they will

do you to skate with, on Chelsea Creek,

A tremendous jump of the boat came nigh sending the old lady upon her beam ends. "You came nigh losing your equili-

brium," said her associate with a smile. "I don't mind my equal Abraham,' replied the old lady, "only be careful

She here ceased as the doctor handed

An anxious inquirer writes to know whether the Powder Magazine is side; the pale lips moved inaudibly, and published monthly, and is considered a Also, whether mint julips will be any cheaper if a branch of the United States

Mint is located in New York.

Dead Letter Office, and if not, what is the use of sending them there. Also, whether navigators have to double their capes in all latitudes, or only

Also, whether a school master can be said to have any scholars when he has

Wilton, I wish for no relige from the truth, but then—"she was interrupted and gentler feelings came over him—"I withdrawn to other invalids in the estable was interrupted and gentler feelings came over him—"I withdrawn to other invalids in the estable between the control of beautiful withal as a half blown rose,— a pair of luminous rose colored wings by a little pale and trembling girl, who was very hasty! Perhaps she is sorry! tablishment, but the young officer had shan't, without you are the strengest, and within a reasonable time, has 'distance' a legal cause of action, and is she entitled to recover?

> "Ah, my friend where have you been for a week back?" "For a weak back? I have not been troubled with a weak back, I thank

"Don't you call me long back, you coundre!!

Women are created half devil and half angel, and the angel part soars to Heaven from the marriage altar, very truthfully remarked some wise phiosopher. But he does not add, that it is because, at that point, she meets the

A HARD HIT .- "I have always preserved my reputation," said Mrs. one evening, addressing herself rather pointedly to Mrs. ----"You always set a ridiculous value

SKATING .- Hastings, of the Albany "Knick" has been a skating. Here is his account of it:

The skating on Saturday, was real excellent. We put on a pair of "rockers," air hole, and then cut for home. Time, 3 min. 2 sec.

Gentlemen,' said the landlord of

quented saloon, the other night, when

the customers at the bar had talked incessantly till after midnight; 'gentlemen "No, darn your picter," said the down I don't know whether you have talked enough, but for one I am going to shut It is said to have been remarked y an old politician, that "if the people of the extremes could change work for a year-if the southern people could come

to the north and the northern people

occupy the south, for twelve months

would cure them both of all ill feel-A free negro was brought before magistrate and convicted of pilfering. The magistrate begins to remonstrate. Do you know how to read?' 'Yes, massa, little.' 'Well, don't you never make use of the Bible?' 'Yes, Massa,

strap him razor on him sometimes. An old Bachelor being asked if e had ever witnessed a public execution, replied

"No, but I once saw a marriage!" Thou rain'st in this bosom" as the chap said when a basin of water was

thrown over him by the lady he was

Do make yourselves at home, ladies," said a hostess to her visitors one day. "I am at home myself, and I

wish you all were." The man who couldn't stand it any longer, has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

Why is a hntcher's cart like his boots? Because he carries his calves

TSO. Why is a young lady dancing, like a horse in a canter? Because she's a gal-hopping (galoping)